

## The Dorchester

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Dear unde Tim May your name be whispered by the grasses of the timeless field. I attended the Blue concert several days ago and an finales beginning to put together the pieces of the vision of experienced. It was the story of a religion of divine love a church of metaphysical understanding complete with ritual worship and a holy pacrement. But the sacrement was abused and its gift of sight was lost to all but a handful of the faithful. Many years past before the masses were again ready for the spiritual evolution that awaits. Persecuted were those that maintained their beliefs, ridialed were those that held high their faith.

Tell me about the Mes Unerican hurch, unde tim. Maybe you can rely me better inderstand what Ire seen. Its rother confusing because of the distorted sense of them now when in which it was perceived. Uso there was the governments repression of the estolytic sucremental fire not though until after they had repressed freedom of the land and water even the air. I love you unde tim and could certainly use some of your guidance in the matter as it does include the fluture state of our species, thanks as always. Michael Odrian Schmit PS, Have you Seen Grace? Tell her the staff child, world bearer single.